McLean County Miner.

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McLean County Miner

E. ROBERTS, Proprietor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Mails via R. W. & O. R. R. for the South open at 10:30 a. m. and arrives at 4:15 p. m.

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Mail via Smethport & Olean R. R. arrives at 12 m. and departs at 2:30 p. m.

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J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

G. A. R.

Post No. 53, A. H. Hopkins, meets every Thursday evening in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Hamlin Block.

A. L. Hughes, Adj't.

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Friday evening at Bechtel at 7:30 o'clock.

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EPISCOPAL.—J. H. Darlin, pastor. Preaching at half-past 10 a. m. and half-past 7 p. m. Sabbath School three o'clock p. m. every afternoon. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 p. m. Communion meetings Saturday before the first Sunday in every month. Lord's Supper every two months. All are welcome.

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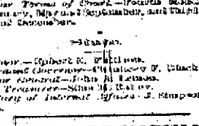

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Miscellaneous.

THE BOX TUNNEL.

BY CHARLES READE.

The 10 43 train glided from Paddington May 6, 1845. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers: of these two were worth description.

The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good-sized delicious mouth, white teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending grayish dress, buttoned to the throat with lozenge-shaped buttons, and a Scottish shawl that agreeably evaded color. She was like a duck, to right her plain feathers fitted her, and there an, smooth, snug, and tight. Below, with her book in her hand and a soupcon of her wrist just visible as she held it.

Her opposite neighbor was what I call a good style of a man—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young men. He was a cavalry officer, aged 28. He had a mustache, but not a very repulsive one; not one of those subnasal pigtails on which soup is suspended like dew on a shrub: it was short, thick and black as coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco smoke to the color of juice. his clothes did not stick to nor hang on him; he had an engaging smile, and what I liked the dog for his vanity, which was inordinate, was in the proper place, his heart, not in his face. Justice mine and other people's who have none in a word, he was what one oftener hears of than meets: a young gentleman.

He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow officer, they were talking about what it is far better not to—women. Our friend, clearly, did not wish to be overheard, for he cast over and anon a furtive glance at his fair vis à vis and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book, and that reassured him.

At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper (the truth must be told), the man who got down at Slough and was lost to posterity bet £10 to £3 that he who was going down with us to Bath and immortality, would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road.

"Done! done!"

Now, I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation; but nobody is wise at all hours, nor even when the clock is striking five and twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and the temptation—ten to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three, at Twyford one lady dropped her handkerchief; Captain Doligman fell on it like a lamb. Two or three words were interchanged on this occasion.

At Reading the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day he bought a *Time* and *Punch*, the latter full of steel-pen thrusts and wood-cuts. Valor and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflamed humbug or other punctured by *Punch*. Now, laughing thaws our human ice; long before Swindon it was a talking match—at Swindon who so devised as Captain Doligman!—he handed them out—he souped them—he tough-chickened them—he brandied and cochineeled one, and he brandied and burnt-sugared the other. On their return to the carriage one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side of the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have been the deserter: the average one would have stayed with us till all was blue, ourselves included. Not more surely does our slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downward upon the carpet. But this was a bit of fop, Adonisdragon—so Venus remained in tete-a-tete with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown female of his species—how handsome, how empress, how expressive he becomes; such was Doligman after Swindon, and, to the dog justice, he got handsomer and handsomer. And you seen a cat confess of approaching cream such was Miss Haythorn: she became demurer and demurer. Presently our Captain looked out of the window and laughed. Then elicited an enquiring look from Miss Haythorn.

"We are only a mile from the box tunnel."

"Do you always laugh a mile from the box tunnel?" asked the lady.

"Invariably."

"What for?"

"Why—hem!—it is a gentleman's joke."

Captain Doligman then recounted to Miss Haythorn the following:

"A lady friend and her husband sat together going through the box tunnel; there was gentleman opposite; it was pitch dark. After the tunnel the lady said: "George, how absurd of you to salute me going through the tunnel." "I did no such thing." "You didn't!" "No; why!" "Because, somehow, I thought you did."

Here Captain Doligman laughed and endeavored to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done. The train entered the tunnel.

Miss Haythorn—Ah!

Doligman—What is the matter?

Miss Haythorn—I am frightened.

Doligman (moving to be side)—Pray do not be alarmed; I am near you.

Miss Haythorn—You are near me—very near me, indeed—Captain Doligman.

Doligman—You know my name!

Miss Haythorn—I heard you mention it. I wish we were out of the dark place.

Doligman—I could be content to spend hours here reassuring you, my dear lady.

Doligman—Pooep! (Grave reader, do not put your lips to the next pretty creature you meet, or you will understand what this means).

Miss Haythorn—Eo! Eo!

Friend—What is the matter?

Miss Haythorn—Open the door! Do open the door!

There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door shut, and the blinds pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls on me for putting inarticulate sounds in a dialogue as above, I answer, with all the insolence I can command at present, 'hit boys as big as yourself,' bigger, perhaps, such as Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophaney. They began it, and I learned it of them, sore against my will.

Miss Haythorn's scream lost much of its effect because the engine whistled forty thousand maidens at the same moment, and fictitious grief makes little breach when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held upon the door; his late friends attempted to escape on the other side—impossible. They must pass him. She whom he had insulted (Latin for kissed) deposited somewhere at his feet a look of gentle, blushing reproach; the other, whom he had not insult, darted red-hot daggers at him from her eyes, and so they parted.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Doligman that he had the grace to be a friend to Major Huskyns, of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the Major was too apt to look cold upon billiard balls and cigars. He had seen cannon balls and limstocks. He had also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, which made it as impossible for Major Huskyns to descend to an ungentlemanlike word or action as to brush his own trousers below the knee.

Captain Doligman told this gentleman his story in gleeful accents, but Major Huskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man to lose his life for the same thing.

"That's nothing," continued the Major; "but unfortunately, he deserved to lose it."

At this blood mounted to the young man's temples, and his senior added:

"I mean to say he was 35; you, I presume, are 21."

"Twenty-five."

"That is much the same thing. Will you be advised by me?"

"If you will advise me."

"Speak to no one of this, and send White the £3, that he may think you have lost the bet."

"This is hard, when I won it."

"Do it, for all that, sir."

Let the disbelievers in human perfectibility known that this dragon, capable of a blush, did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance; and this was his first damper. A week after these events he was at a ball. He was in a state of factitious discontent which belong to us amiable English. He was looking in vain for a lady equal in personal attraction to the idea he had formed of Doligman as a man when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vison, a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes—another look. "It cannot be! Yes it is!" Miss Haythorn! (not that he knew her name) but what an apotheosis.

The duck had become a peahen—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He loved her again. She was so lovely and made him ill—and he alone must not dance with her, speak to her. If he had been content to commence her acquaintance in the usual way it might have ended in kissing: it must end with nothing. As she danced sparks of beauty fell from her on all but him—he gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled on him assiduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him.

Doligman was surprised at his success, his ill-taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Doligman at last found himself injured. "Who was this man and what right had he to go on so? He never kissed her, I suppose," said Dolfe. Doligan could not prove it, but he felt somewhat the rights of property were invalid. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, and hated all the ugly successful. He spent a fortnight trying to find out who his beauty was — he never could encounter her again.

At last he heard of her in this way. A lawyer's clerk paid him a visit and commenced a little action against him in the name of Miss Haythorn for insulting her in a railway train.

The young gentleman was shocked; endeavoring to soften the lawyer's clerk; that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of that term. The lady's name, however, was at last revealed by this unto word incident; from her name to her address was but a short step, and the same day our crestfallen hero lay in wait at her door, and many a succeeding day, without effect. But one fine afternoon she issued forth naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the parade. Doligman did the same, met and passed her many times on the parade and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look nor recognition, nor any other sentiment; for all this she walked and walked, till all the other promenaders were retired and gone—then her culprit summoned resolution, and, taking off his hat, with a voice for the first time tremulous, besought permission to address her.

She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor disowned his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he was punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was, and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man who was already mortified by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation. He told her of the action that had been commenced in her name. She gently shrugged her shoulders, and said, 'How stupid they are!' Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant, unpretended devotion would, after a lapse of years, erase the memory of his madness,—his crime.

She did not know! She must now bid him adieu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the Crescent, where everybody was to be.

They parted, and Doligman determined to be at the ball, where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her manner was gracious. With a wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, Doligman was in love. I will spare the reader all the lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident when she rode. His devotion followed her to church, where the dragoon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither polk nor smoke—the two capital abominations of this one.

He made an acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last with joy that her eye loved to dwell upon him, when she thought he did not observe her. It was three months after the box tunnel that Captain Doligman called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R. N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly propitiated by violently listening to a cutting-out expedition; he called, and in the usual way asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy captain straight-way began doing quarter deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartments by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, that it was all right, and his visitor might run along side as soon as he choose.

My reader has divined the truth: this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjection to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Doligman saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room. He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness deepen into confusion—she tried to laugh, and cried instead, and then she smiled again; when he kissed her hand at the door it was 'George' and 'Marian,' instead of 'Captain' this and 'Miss' the other.

A reasonable time after this (for my tale is merciful, and skips formalities and torturing delays), these two were very happy. They were once more upon the railroad going to enjoy the honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Doligman was dressed just as before—duck-like and delicious, all bright except her clothes; but George sat beside her this time, instead of opposite, and she drank him in gently from her long eyelashes.

'Marian,' said George, 'married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you: no—'

'Yes! yes!'

'Well, then, you remember the box tunnel. (This was the first allusion he had ventured to it). I am ashamed to say that I had £3 to £10 with White. I would kiss one of you two ladies,' and George, pathetic externally, chuckled within.

'I know that, George. I overheard you,' was the demure reply.

'Oh, you overheard me! Impossible!'

'And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her.'

'You made a bet! How singular. What was it?'

'Only a pair of gloves, George.'

'Yes, I know; but what about did you bet?'

'That if you did you should be my husband.'

'Oh, but stay; then you could not have been so angry with me love. Why, then you brought that action against me!'

Mrs. Doligman looked down.

'I was afraid you were forgetting me,' George, you will never forgive me.'

'Sweet angel! why, here is the box tunnel.'

Now, dear reader—no! no! no such thing! you can't expect to be indulged in this way every time we come to a dark place. Besides it is not the thing. Consider two sensible married people. No such phenomena. I assure you, took place. No scream of hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time.

More Evidence.

S. R. HARTMAN & CO., Columbus, O.—Gentlemen: Your Peruna sells as well as any patent medicine with us. Quite a number have told us that Peruna is the best thing they ever used.

H. L. DAY, New Vienna, Ohio.

Please send me some of your pamphlets, "Ills of Life." We are out of them, and they are asked for nearly every day. We are selling a great deal of Peruna. I. S. NEHER, Indiana, Pa.

We handle your goods and they give good satisfaction. S. WOLF & SON, Wilmot, Ohio.

Your medicines are having a big run, especially Peruna. GRIFFIN & BEAM, Powhattan Point, Ohio.

Ask your druggists for Dr. Hartman's wonderful book on the "Ills of Life," gratis.

He knows enough who knows how to live and keep his own council.

Mr. Wm. H. Fleming, 601 N. 12th street, Philadelphia, Pa. says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for toning the system and for loss of appetite with good results."

Secure Admiration.

Who can help admiring a lovely face, a clear, smooth, beautiful complexion? These can be easily obtained by the use of Hamilton's Oriental Balm. It will remove freckles, tan, pimples and blemishes of every sort and is in no way injurious to the skin, but is the most harmless and elegant preparation of its kind. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. F. Richmond & Son.

A TIN SAFE.

Charles Lynford was a young mechanic in good business. At the age of 25 he had taken to himself a wife, Caroline Eustis, the daughter of a neighbor, who had nothing to bring to him except her own personal merits, which were many, and habits of thrift learned in an economical household, under the stern teaching of necessity.

It was well perhaps that Charles Lynford should obtain a wife of this character, since he himself found it difficult to save anything from his income.

It was not long before Caroline became acquainted with her husband's failing. She could not feel quite easy in the knowledge that they were living fully up to their income; for seeing that a time would come when the family would grow more expensive, and perhaps her husband's business, now flourishing, might become less.

Accordingly, one day she purchased of a tin-peddler who came to the door a little tin safe, such as children frequently use as a savings bank. This she placed conspicuously on the mantle-piece, so that her husband might be sure to see it on entering.

'Hellow! Carrie what's that?' he asked curiously.

'Only a little purchase I made today,' said the wife.

'But what is it meant for?' he asked curiously.

'Let me illustrate,' said his wife playfully. 'Have you a ten-cent piece about you?'

Charles drew a dime from his pocket. His wife taking it from his hand dropped it through a little slit at the top.

Charles laughed.

'So you have taken to hoarding, Carrie? My little wife become a miser?'

'No, only a little prudent. But, seriously, Charles, that is what I want you to do every night.'

'What,' drop a dime into that new fangled arrangement of yours?'

'Exactly.'

'Very well; that will be easy enough. A dime is no great sum. But may I know what you are going to do with this newly commenced hoard?'

'Lay it by for a rainy day,' answered Carrie.

Charles laughed merrily.

'And what will a dime a day amount to?' he inquired.

'In a year it will amount—' commenced his wife seriously.

'Oh, never mind—spare me the calculation. It sounds too much like business and I have enough of that through the day.'

'But you don't object to my plan?'

'Not in the least. I have no doubt it is very prudent and commendable; but you know, Carrie, I never was gifted with much prudence.'

'I am quite aware of that,' said his wife smiling.

This ended the conversation for a time. The plan inaugurated by the young wife was steadily carried out. She was not one of those of whom there are so many, who enter upon a plan zealously, but soon tire of it. In the present case she was thoroughly satisfied of the wisdom of her purpose, and resolved to carry it through. Every evening she called on her husband for a dime which was quickly added to the accumulation. Frequently he had not the exact change, but would toss her a quarter instead. She would assure him, laughingly, that this would answer her purpose as well.

More than once Charles would banter her on the subject of the little savings bank, but these were not the only accessions the funds received. Her husband early arranged to make ample allowance for dress. I say ample, though I dare say some of my city readers might not consider it so. But Caroline, who was in the habit of making up her own dresses, provided herself with a good wardrobe at much less expense than some not so well versed in the science of managing could have done.

After calculation she came to the conclusion that out of her allowance she could be able to make a daily deposit equal to that which she exacted from her husband. Of this, however, she thought best not to inform Charles—enjoying, in anticipation, the prospect of being able at some time to surprise him with the unexpected amount of her savings.

At the close of every month the tin box was emptied and the entire contents transfered to a more pretentious savings bank, where interest would be allowed. When the sums deposited there became large enough, Mrs. Lynford, who had considerable business capacity, withdrew and invested in bank and other stocks, which would yield a large per cent. Of her mode of investment her husband remained in complete ignorance. Nor did he ever express any desire to be made acquainted with his wife's management. He was an easy, careless fellow, spending as he went, enjoying the present and not feeling any particular concern about the future.

At the end of eight years, during which time he had been unusually favored with prosperity in business and uninterrupted health, his books showed that he had not exceeded his income, but, on the other hand, had saved absolutely nothing, twenty-five cents alone standing to his credit.

'Running pretty close, isn't it, Carrie?' he said, laughingly. 'I take great credit to myself for keeping on the right side of the line. But then I suppose you have saved an immense sum.'

'How much do you think?' asked his wife.

'Oh, perhaps, $160,' said he carelessly; 'though it would take a good many dimes to do that.'

His wife smiled, but did volunteer to enlighten him as to the correctness of his conjectures.

So things went on, till at length came the panic of 1873—a panic so recent that it will be remembered by many readers of this sketch. It will be remembered how universally trade and business of every kind were depressed at that period. And among others the trade which occupied Charles Lynford suffered.

One evening he came home looking quite serious—an expression which seldom came over his cheerful face.

Caroline, who had watched the signs of the times, was not unprepared to see this. She had expected that her husband's business would be affected.

'What is the matter, Charlie?' she very cheerfully asked.

'The matter is that we shall have to economise greatly.'

'Anything unfavorable turned up in business matters?'

'I should think there had. I shall have but half a day's work for some time to come, and I am afraid that even this will fail before long. You haven't an idea how dull business of every kind has become.'

'I think I have,' said his wife, quietly. 'I have been reading the papers carefully and have been looking out for something of this kind.'

'Do you think we can reduce our expenses one half?' asked her husband, doubtfully.

'I think we shall be able to do so. Both of us are well supplied with clothing, and shall not need any more for a year at least. That will cut off considerable expense. Then there are a great many superfluities you are accustomed to buy, little things you are kind enough to bring home to me frequently, which I can do very well without. Then we can plainly have less pies and cakes; and I have no doubt it will be an improvement so far as health is concerned.'

'What a calculator you are, Carrie,' said her husband, feeling considerably easier in mind. 'I really think, after all you have said, that it won't be so hard to live on half our usual income for the present, at least. But,' and again his countenance changed, 'suppose my work should entirely fail. I suppose you could not reduce our expenses to nothing at all, could you?'

'That certainly surpasses my power,' said the wife, smiling, 'but even in that case there is no ground for discouragement. You have not forgotten our savings bank, have you?'

'Why, no; I didn't think of that,' said her husband. 'I suppose that would keep off starvation for a few weeks.'

His wife smiled.

'And in those few weeks,' she added 'business might revive.'

'To be sure,' said her husband. 'Well, I guess it'll be all right; I shall not trouble myself about it any longer.'

The apprehensions to which Mrs. Lynford had given expression proved to be only too well founded. In less than a month from the date of the conversation just recorded the limited supply of work which he had been able to secure had entirely failed, and he found himself without any work of any kind—thrown back on his own resources.

Although he had expected this, it seemed unexpected when it came upon him, and again he turned in a fit of discouragement. He briefly explained to his wife the new calamity which had fallen upon them.

'And the worst of it is there is no hope of better times till spring.'

'Do you think business will revive then?' asked the wife.

'It must by that time; there are five or six months between. I don't know how we are to live during that time.'

'I do,' said his wife.

'You!' exclaimed her husband in astonishment.

'Yes, your income has never been more than $600 or $700 a year, and I have no doubt we can live on $250.'

'Yes, certainly, but where is that money to come from? I don't want to go in debt; and if I did, I should not know where to borrow.'

'Fortunately there is no need of it,' said Mrs. Lynford. 'You seem to forget our little savings bank.'

'And is it possible it can amount to $250?' exclaimed Charles in great surprise.

'Yes, and $600 more,' said his wife.

'Impossible!'

'Well, wait one moment and I will prove it.'

Caroline withdrew a moment and then reappeared with several certificates of bank and railroad shares amounting to $800, and a bank book in which a balance was deposited to her credit.

'Are you quite sure you haven't received a legacy?' demanded Charles in amazement. 'Sure a dime a day has not produced this!'

'No; but two dimes a day have with a little extra deposit now and then. I think, we shall be able to ward off starvation for a time.'

'All this I owe to your prudence,' said Charles, gratefully. 'How can I repay you?'

Charles Lynford remained out of employment for some months, but in the spring, as he had anticipated, business revived, and he was in receipt of his old income.

More than two-thirds of the fund was still left, and henceforth Charles was no less assiduous than his wife in striving to increase it.

The little tin savings bank still stands on the mantlepiece and never fails to receive the deposit daily.

Armed and Equipped.

"Armed with jealous care," are words familiar to every ear, yet how few there are who fully realize their full import. A man to withstand all the attacks of his foes, should be always armed and ready for the battles of life. He knows not at what moment he may fall into an ambush and is compelled to stand for his life and sacred honor. Just so it is in our daily lives. The insidious germs of disease and death are constantly about us, and enter into our bodies at every breath. To guard against these poisonous agents, a medicine is needed which will fulfil the requirement of being both a safeguard and a remedy. This is found in PERUNA, and thousands testify as to its merits in this regard. The man who carries a bottle of it is fully armed and equipped for the duties of life. Ask your druggists for the "Ills of Life" gratis, or address Dr. S. Hartman & Co. Columbus, Ohio.

Hereditary Taints.

Some Reminiscences on a Subject Which Concerns the Welfare of the Rich and Happiness of All.

(Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle.)

To any one who has studied the laws of life, and especially those which relate to reproduction, an experience such as we are about to relate, will come with special force and interest. The transmission of certain physical traits of equal prominence, are facts which all acknowledge, but which none can understand. The father may be distinguished, the son, an imbecile; or, the parent may be decrepit and unknown, and the child achieve the highest place possible to humanity. But through it all, there will be certain characteristics, which mark the individual as descending from certain ancestors. Too often, indeed, these characteristics are infirmities, and often of a physical nature.

These facts were strikingly brought out during a conversation, which a representative of this paper recently had with Mrs. Carrie D. D. Swift, who is the wife of one of our most prominent citizens. This lady related that she inherited from her parents certain tendencies, over which she had no control, and which were in the nature of blood difficulties, assuming the form of rheumatism. Her experience can best be described in her own words. To the writer she said:

"I felt the beginning of this hereditary taint many years ago, in vague pains, which seemed

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., Feb 29, 1884.

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The figure on your paper shows the time to which it is paid.

Keep watch of it and if you wish paper changed, write us and direct as you wish. Also notify us if you change your post office.

If you wish to discontinue your paper promptly you must write us to that effect, otherwise it will be sent on.

If you do not receive your paper regularly let us know. We send it promptly and if it stops it is while the mails are in most confusion.

The Old Standard.

The following table contains the Bradford oil quotations for the week closing yesterday.

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
Monday	88½	89	88½	88½
Tuesday	88½	89	88½	88½
Wednesday	88½	89	88½	88½
Thursday	88½	89	88½	88½
Friday	88½	89	88½	88½
Saturday	88½	89	88½	88½

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

MISCELLANEOUS RAMBLINGS.

When I compose and try to take a doze,
And nothing serious happens,
When no pedlar tries to sell a piano,
Or a Plumbe tells how to cure a cough,
When a parson refuses to preach a sermon,
Or a Republican tells how to run a town,
When a doctor tells how to cure a toothache,
When I believe one's taxes to keep,
And a Democrat tells the truth,
When a person has a cent that amounts to shucks,
And all folks do their business honest,
When a man acknowledges all he owes,
And calls on those he owes not a cent,
The millennium must soon come to an end.

—Lucky Commissioners on Wednesday.

—Flower and grass seeds just received at H. L. Wilson's.

—The tables for planning spring advertisements are at hand.

—Many flakes are honorable, but lots of old pioneers wear them.

—Undertaker Stanley and his gang made a raise of $15 one day last week.

—Next week is Quarter court, when many will call and few be chosen.

—What's the last to go again with the snow all vapor under a season of rest.

—George Gordon says he "will never carry no more revolvers, hoss, cain't yo' beat."

—H. L. Wilson has a large lot of timothy and clover seed on hand which he will sell at the most reasonable rates.

—The Turpsichorean Club gave their first musical dance last evening. The boys and girls tripped the mazy light fantastic to late hours.

—The S. A. Hackett property in this borough was sold on for Hon. L. Rogers at sheriff sale on Tuesday. Cost and ruination $1,100.

—The Ellis family were greeted with a crowded house last Saturday evening, and all were well pleased with the entertainment.

—Wednesday was a fair day for the colored race in court. One on trial for murder and another for larceny were both acquitted.

—The G. A. R. boys of this borough are found in their posters of their entertainment by their Bradford comrades in the mammoth camp fire.

—The girl born to-day will be little likely to become an old maid, if she ever marries. Her birthday will come but once in four years.

—The good boys and girls who have been regular in their attendance at school from the opening of the term will find their names recorded in another column.

—There is a man living not about Smethport county dressed in woman's clothes, nothing and living corsets, and the Dependency allowes the girls to look a little out.

—After having proudly worn the name of Pushepolla, the Paris of America, and Bankerville, Conshohocken is now unveiled the distinction of being the Venice of the West.

—The county voted against the poor houses project about two to one. Port Allegany borough and Liberty township should now petition to be set off from McKean and attached to Potter

—There are three candidates in the field for the republican nomination for the district attorneyship. Only one can get the vote, and it is to be hoped it will be the best man of the three

—While the thermometer fifteen degrees below zero this morning, it is fair to assume that if the backbone of the winter was broken, it has been thoroughly and substantially repaired.

—If weather special notes will be printed on blue paper instead of the yellow now used. One of the principal objections to the present is that the paper on which they are now printed becomes easily mutilated.

—It is proposed by some of the leading republicans of the county to issue a call for a popular congressional district convention composed of one delegate from each election district not to select delegates to the national convention. A good plan, but rather late in the day to carry it out now.

—A correspondent in another column makes an earnest appeal against the election of Hamilton township. We know nothing of the facts and only publish as upon the authority of one of the most responsible citizens of that township. The communication referred to can of course have the use of our columns for any reply or refutation he chooses to make.

—An exchange very sensibly remarks that the size of our penitentiaries could be reduced instead of enlarged constantly, if more boys would learn a trade. It is the negligent parent that raises the bad boy. There are a score of boys in this borough who ought to be learning a trade. What are their parents thinking of? and how do they expect to earn their living?

—An exchange says that any old soldier who has lost his discharge papers can get a duplicate by simply writing to the adjutant-general of the army at Washington, who will send him blanks to fill out and fill out. The blanks will then only have to be filled out and sworn to, when a duplicate of his discharge will be sent him. The whole cost will be less than if been taxed, and it is worse than throwing money away to pay any clerk in agent $5 to do what can be done as easily by the soldier himself. We presume a duplicate discharge is not issued, but a certificate of discharge which amounts to the same thing.

Corrected Time Tables.

The time tables of the B., N. Y. & P. railroad and narrow gauge connections have been carefully corrected for the week's issue, and may be relied upon as correct.

To Our Subscribers.

Please examine the date on the address label on your Miner, and if you are in arrears or your time is out, remit and oblige. Please bear in mind that our terms are in advance.

Illustrated Sermons.

Rev E. P. Hopkins will commence an other series of illustrated sermons at the M. E. church next Sunday evening, entitled "The Wise and Foolish." Do not fail to hear the first of the series.

Death of Mrs. Hugh Glenn.

Mrs. Hugh Glenn, widow of Hugh Glenn, who died about a year ago, was buried on Monday. She had been a sufferer from consumption for a long time, and her life faded gently away. She leaves one daughter—the only remaining member of the family—Mrs. F. J. Whelan.

A Bold Robbery

Mr. William Curtis, one of the poormasters of Bradford township, was here this week and put up at the Seeger house. He occupied a room with care from us from the same township, and on retiring placed his purse containing $70 in currency under his pillow. The door for some reason was left unlocked, and when Mr. C. looked for his money on the morning it was gone. There have been a number of hard cases from Bradford in town this week, and no doubt some one of them is $70 better off because of his trip to Smethport.

Respectfully Declined.

A communication sent to us through the mails desiring how the Lord an answered a good (?) man's prayer that He would cause the cure of the conversion for a time and interpose some obstacle to prevent the wicked son of this good man from attending a dance, as very respectfully declined for two reasons. One is that it has no signature. Another is that we have a good deal of respect and reverence for the name of the Lord and will not connect the profanation of ascribing to Him actions beneath the dignity and intelligence of mortals.

Panoramic Presentations.

E. L. Peet will deliver a series of illustrated lectures at the Opera House on the evenings of the 5th and 6th of March. The lectures will be illustrated by panoramic views that are said to be unexcelled. The Randolph *Register* says: It is one of the finest entertainments of the kind ever furnished." The Jamestown *Leader* says, "Mr. Peet has the best exhibition of the kind that has ever visited this vicinity, and better than he does all that he advertises." The admission is only 10 cents, and the entertainment is well worth many times that amount.

A Small Fire.

On Friday afternoon of last week a fire was discovered in the roof of Dr. Sharp's residence on Lower Main street, and the alarm promptly given. As the house is situated beyond the waterplugs it was necessary to organize a "bucket brigade." Firemen and citizens joined hands and by a vigorous and steady appli cation succeeded in saving the main portion of the building, only the roof being burned off. The doctor and his family were absent at the time, and it is supposed that the fire caught near the chimney and had been smouldering several days. The damage to the house and furniture will be about four or five hundred dollars, which is fully covered by insurance with Hazlett & Burdick.

Game, But Not Forgotten.

Freeman—Ed. Freeman—that's his name—He struck the town about two years ago, and on the strength of the good name of a relative, a hardy figure, commenced check, and $2 40 in cash, commenced business as an insurance agent. His first solicited a contributing citizen to go upon his bond to the insurance company, with as little deed of kindness has cost the aforesaid contributing citizen up to date $400 in hard money. After swelling about town for a couple of years, he took his departure to fresh pastures very suddenly one day this week, leaving many to mourn his loss in various ways. The latest is one of the possession, and if Uncle Ed will send us his address we will send him a receipt in full.

PERSONAL MENTION.

J J Newman came up from Buffalo yesterday

The Mead we say Brothers make a very fair district attorney

W W Mason Esq., is head and shoulders above the other members of the bar—in length

Judge Olmsted as a very observant caller, an inveterate smoker, and a most upright, fair and honored judge.

E H North, Esq., one of the most promising young attorneys of Bradford, was in attendance at court this week.

Dudley Gifford from both of his ears while hauling lumber at the McK. & B. depot yesterday. He should have tolled them up.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Whelan, of Bradford, came over to attend the funeral of Mrs. Hugh Glenn, mother of Mrs. Whelan, on Monday

Constables Barlow and Weaver, of the first and fourth wards of Bradford, were in town a couple of days this week. They are not twins, but are a good pair.

R. F. Wright and E. V. Chadwick were the commanders of the G. A. R. excursion to Bradford on Tuesday, and the expedition could not have been better officered.

We noticed four members of the Bradford city councils in town the greater part of the week. W. W. Rose, Frank Fowler, James Anglim and H. H North. The water works question being settled they can afford themselves a vacation.

Patsey Fragner was in town Wednesday on his tour among his customers. It is pretty hard on a newly married man to be torn from home three or four days at a time. But the demands of business and that "bookkeeper" must be attended to.

"Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Barbour, of Smethport, came over to the G. A. R. camp the last evening," says the Bradford *Star* of Wednesday, which, aside from the fact that the individuals mentioned have been for the past three years and are now residents of Bradford, is correct.

Dory Chadwick, son of E. V. Chadwick, will leave for Buffalo to-morrow to attend a course of lectures in the Medical Department of the University of Buffalo. He has been reading medicine under the excellent tutelage of Dr Freeman, and it is his intention to make thorough preparation for the practice of medicine. Dory is a young man of excellent habits and great promise and will yet make his mark in the world and do honor to his parents.

NOT GUILTY.

Gordon's Trial Ended with a Verdict of Not Guilty on the Plea of Self Defense—Ashton the Offender and a Victim of his own Fondness.

The trial of Gordon for the killing of Major Ashton in Bradford the 23d of August last attracted considerable interest this week. A jury was formed Monday evening, as follows:

C. C. Cooper, Sylvester Breckenridge, Christian Herron, J. S. Hodge, C. H. Hulchenbocker, Wm. Titus, John McCarrey, Wm. Winchler, J. C. Gutherie, Thos. Bradley and Niles Greenmyre.

Tuesday morning the case was taken up and occupied the entire day. There were not many witnesses, and all told a straight forward story corroborating the belief that Gordon shot his antagonist in self defense. We give the following account of the crime as told in the Bradford papers at the time, though differing somewhat from the testimony.

On the 23d of last August the first murder in the history of Bradford occurred. "Major" Ashton, as he was variably called, was a noisy, good natured colored man, who gained a living by collecting hides, bones and other refuse and selling them to junk dealers. On the morning in question he started on his regular rather earlier than usual in order to see the sights of the fire parade. He rode on a wagon to the tailboard of which was fastened a horse bear. As the turnout passed along Chestnut street several ladies began teasing the animal and wheeling gaily or not. Ashton angrily took a bump handed negro named George Gordon to leave the bear alone. After some words Ash on jumped from his wagon and approached Gordon in a threatening manner. "By God," said the apparently frightened stranger, "I didn't mean to do anything wrong. I thought it was all right to hit de bar cause I saw de odder fellers doin' it."

Ashton still advanced and reaching the man struck him a resounding blow on the cheek with his open hand. Gordon, who was a much smaller man than his burly antagonist, then pulled out a large Smith & Wesson navy revolver, and as Ashton picked up a stone to throw at him fired the weapon twice at short range. One bullet struck Ashton in the mouth, the other passed into his chest. Ashton bowed the alone with a last supreme effort and fell with his head near a dead tree. After a few convulsive gasps and writhings he ejected a torrent of blood from his mouth and died. The murderer with the smoking pistol in his hand stood gazing for a few moments at his victim. Then seeming to realize for the first time the extent of the crime he ran across the creek, which was then very shallow, and tried to crawl under the sidewalk in front of the Fire Police headquarters, on Boylston street. He was at once captured by Capt. A. W. Coburn and Constable Weaver.

In the prosecution the district attorney was assisted by his brother H. McSweeney. The defense was conducted by W. W. Mason and Eugene Hutin. There were not over a dozen votes sworn on both sides following is the evidence of the two most important witnesses which is corroborated by the others and gives the full story in brief:

Frank Gordon—I live on Mechanic street; am a brother of the prisoner; I was present August 23d; saw the fight between Ashton and Gordon; Ashton struck Gordon; Gordon then drew his revolver and fired; Ashton fell; I then left; I have had trouble with Ashton before; he struck me once; I reported it to the police; Ashton followed me and struck me; I then left; Ashton followed me and struck me; I then left; Ashton followed me and struck me; I then left

MISCELLANEOUS.

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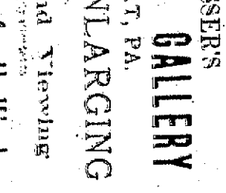

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C. B. FREEMAN,

General

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Office over Richmond's Drug Store.

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT

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GOLD For the months of June, July and August a long established and well known publishing house will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or spare time only. The work is of an honorable character, and is universally adopted by both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from \$5 to \$25 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Portland will be made by those who accept our offer. Don't delay. Send your address at once. It costs nothing to send for it, and you will see that the business we offer you is one that will pay handsomely. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS

ROYAL

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall-st., N.Y.

MILK! MILK! MILK!

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to his citizens of Smethport and vicinity that his arrangements are finally completed, and that on Monday, February 1 he will establish a

NEW MILK ROUTE!

Pure, Fresh and Rich Milk,

At 6 Cents a Quart

until Spring, when the price will be reduced. Thankful for the public favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

Wm. Ramer.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 1, 1884.

J. C. HAMLIN,

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HARDWARE, STOVES, Etc.

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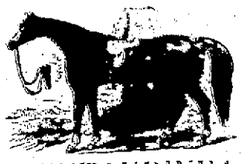

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